

The World

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THE TRANSFER SUITS.

The Interurban Street Railway Company is reported to have settled without appeal to a higher court the two suits for damages brought by passengers who had been refused transfers at Amsterdam and Eighth avenues and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. The judgment amounted in each case to \$50 and costs.

The traction company has thus conceded grudgingly and after resistance what it could have more becomingly conceded at the institution of the suits. As this paper showed when the original suits were filed a general system of transfers is sure to obtain eventually as the final result of popular demand. The recent granting of transfers at some twenty crossings where before the time of the first transfer suits they had been unconditionally refused points to the inevitable outcome of this contention. How much more to the road's credit to have granted them at the outset!

These later suits have been encouraged by the Committee of One Hundred, the west side vigilance committee which has long been active against the encroachments of traction companies. In their individual aspects they exemplify that spirit of revolt in the passenger against imposition which has lately had so many manifestations in the greater city—on Brooklyn elevated lines, in street-car barns, in trolley parlor cars.

It is a novel form of mutiny, its sincerity shown in the character of the mutineers and the numerous successes of their movements.

ART IN THE TENDERLOIN.

Another Tenderloin art connoisseur has stocked a private house with a rare collection of artistic treasures and invited the public, that is to say a select representative few, to inspect its choice contents. A museum, as Mrs. "Jack" Gardner proved in Boston, need not necessarily be open to the populace to deserve the name. This particular museum is in West Thirty-second street hard by the city's most celebrated hotel.

Here are gathered choice products of the atelier surpassing anything at Canfield's. Here is grill work by comparison with which the Italian bronze door at No. 13 West Thirty-third street, a mediaeval masterpiece, is crude of design; paintings that hang or should hang on the line; Oriental carpets that only the feet of an odalisque should tread, modestly gorgeous in coloring, statues that a new Canova has chiseled; lace, marqueterie, the art nouveau in its supreme excellence—the environment is one that the word painting is inadequate to describe. The surroundings are believed to exceed in sensuous beauty anything of the sort in the city.

This abode of luxury was opened a week ago, and it has been freely frequented by those fortunate enough to have been the recipients of invitations. Among the general public not thus honored was Capt. Burfield; the report is that he has been seen standing on the other side of the street watching the throng that comes and goes.

In default of an invitation will the captain become rudely curious enough to force his way within? Will he violate traditional etiquette?

There are functions in the Tenderloin at which by immemorial custom a police captain is not expected to officiate.

A DRAMA'S MORAL LESSON.

In a play which Mr. E. H. Sothern is presenting in Detroit there is an act the scene of which is laid in the house of Lucabetta, an evil woman, who is one of the favorites of Robert of Sicily. To the pure all things are pure, and the actor has viewed his play, as by his public declaration, as "a fine, powerful drama, setting forth boldly a noble lesson." But the Mayor of Detroit, whose vision seems not to be so refined, sees in this play "vice and sensuality so skillfully hidden beneath costly raiment that those who would otherwise shun are led to admire."

So the Mayor has censured the play with the result that there was a great rush for seats in which "clothing was torn and hats battered while hundreds were turned away." Human nature is so constituted, and it is likely that the salaciousness alleged of it will vastly increase this drama's popularity.

As for the play's mayoral critic, he is evidently ignorant of the modern stage methods by which a moral lesson is conveyed. When he was a boy the process was to make vice a monster of very hideous mien indeed. That was the inartistic way; the stage moralist has changed all that. His methods are more subtle and they do no violence to realism as did the old.

Thus, if the scene is one portraying vice, fidelity to truth now demands that it be made as attractive as possible. The silks and the satins must be there, the wine cup, joy unconfined, and all most alluring. A hint, sometimes a very gentle hint, will be given that the wages of sin is death, and in that hint lies the moral lesson. Persons of dull perception may not notice the hint; they may get only the illusion of sin made attractive and desirable.

The Detroit Mayor seems to be one of this latter unperceiving class; he is old-fashioned.

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION.

The great influx of foreigners into the land of the free continues. July saw 67,525 arrive, a large city full, most of whom passed in through the port of New York.

These figures are not unprecedented, but the point is that the present immigration is of a less desirable class than that of previous years. It is from the lower strata of European society comprising elements the addition of which to the nation's existing population is viewed with some alarm. Too many Sicilian stiletos are coming in, and also the per capita of intelligence is lower. The United States has been presumed to have unlimited digestive capacity; it is a question how far the absorption can continue.

The first symptoms of bad assimilation will be looked for in an increase of the criminal average. Many, perhaps most, of these newcomers will tarry in this city. In New York at present there exists a lower crime rate than in one hundred American cities. That is to say, municipalities that grow chiefly by their own increase of births or by nearby domestic immigration from the farm and village have a higher proportionate crime average than the great city which has opened its arms to all that have asked for admission from all quarters. It is a surprising fact, not without its interest for the philosopher, if the three Van Wormer boys had come from Italy last year what a moral we could point!

Physical Culture for Hustling New Yorkers

LESSON IV. How to Train for a Broadway Car Ride.

THE scores of thousands who return to their homes during the toilsome rush hours on the Broadway trolleys generally reach their hearthside in a more or less fragmentary condition. The following exercise should fit them for the drastic journey:

Select a narrow room in your flat with but one tiny entrance leading on a slender hallway.

Borrow from a neighboring wax-works establishment a quantity of lay figures of genteel-looking women and two of well-dressed thugs.

Clear the narrow room of all furniture except two chairs.

Bind on these the well-dressed thugs.

Engage two expert hands from a canning factory to arrange the gentle-faced women in the rooms after the manner of layers of codfish or pressed figs, but maintaining a perpendicular.



Practice This Before Each Meal.

Secure a two-horse-power rammer, such as is used in ramming projectiles in 12-inch guns.

Set this up in the slender hallway with an automatic attachment that will operate the rammer every few seconds.

Get a photograph and hire a Coney Island Barker to fill a record with soft and dulcet tones of "Move up, please!" "Move up, front, there!" and "Didn't tell you to move up, front?"

Set the photograph to operate in unison the rammer.

Walk timidly to the door of the room packed with gentle-faced figures, placing yourself directly in front of the rammer.

Just as your eyes meet the pitiful appeals in the wax faces touch the spring operating the rammer and photograph.

As the photograph screams its sibilant "Move up, please!" the rammer will strike you in the small of the back with the force of a catapult.

As you are hurled into the compact mass of women figures, crushing and trampling them, utter profuse apologies. Also endeavor to gracefully place the toe of your boot in the face of one of the well-dressed thugs.

By this time the rammer will have rammed a second time, catching you in the short ribs, dislocating one or two, to the soothing accompaniment of the wheezing "Move up, front, there!"

Your agony may be somewhat relieved as both your feet strike the face of the other well-dressed thugs.

The eleventh or twelfth blow of the rammer should flatten you against the wall, leaving your feet free, however, to kick again in the direction of the well-dressed thugs.

Repeat exercise every fourth day, increasing horse-power of rammer.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there a public school where a foreigner can learn to write the English language?
J. H.

At all the public schools pupils are taught to write English.

"No Luck."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to H. B., who asks if it will change his luck to harbor a poor, stray cat in his new home, I would say: Don't be so foolish! In this enlightened age there is no such thing as a change of good or bad luck brought about through a cat.

W. M.
Rubinstein's "Melody in F"
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What popular piece of classical music has its air played on the piano solely with the thumbs, the other fingers playing merely the accompaniment, &c?
FIRST YEAR.

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there a direct telephone connection between New York and San Francisco?
S. W.

Manhattan, 10-65 Square Mile; Brooklyn, 24.68.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A claim that Manhattan Borough is larger in square miles than Brooklyn Borough. B claims it is not.
J. HEYMAN.

"Bernard" is a Masculine Name.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is "Bernard" a girl's name or a boy's name?
BERNARD H.

Either Color or Dash.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the proper punctuation to place after "Dear Sir" in addressing a letter?
S. S.

WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

To grapple fate and fearlessly defy its stubborn, stern decree. Until, disarmed, the terror lies beneath our feet, recedes and dies.

To look beyond, content to wait And dignify our low estate By bending low, 'er to seek To help the fallen, lift the weak.

To take no backward step, to wit-Be sure that each ascends a bit. To love the best, the best to give. This is the meaning sought, to live.—Boston Transcript.

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

Miss Sixfoot Takes Him to a Woman's Club and He Pays the Penalty—as Usual.



Little Tommy Tattles

He Gives a Hint to Ma, and of Course Ma Guessed Right.



Stories Told About New Yorkers.

A. M. PALMER, the theatrical manager, related the following to a party of friends recently after the night performance:
"I was in the lobby of a Broadway theatre not long ago, about 8 o'clock, waiting for a friend, when I noticed a man in evening clothes standing by the door, evidently expecting somebody. Suddenly he swooped ten women, one of whom kissed the man affectionately, exclaiming: 'This is awfully good of you, Horace! Let me present my friends.' Then she introduced the other nine young ladies to 'brother Horace,' who, after recovering from his amazement, gasped:
"Why, Mary, what does this mean?"
"Didn't you send me a telegram to-day?" she asked.
"Certainly, but I didn't expect such a crowd."
"Do you mean to say you didn't write me that you had ten tickets for to-night?" she demanded.

Senator Guy said he learned afterward that the boy was not stupid but very nearsighted.

Owen Westford, the actor, was walking through Central Park on his way to a matinee performance. He was accompanied by a friend from Australia who was on his first visit to this country. Suddenly the Antipodean inquired:
"I say, Owen, what's the reason there are so many signs here labelled 'Keep Off the Grass'?"
"Oh, those are only guide boards," replied Westford.
"What for?"
"Why, they're put there to show the lawn mower where to cut the grass."

Dick Halstead, of the Stock Exchange, is not only a student of human nature, but is a man of quick action. He was caught out in the rain one day and was in a hurry to get back to the den of bulls and bears, but he didn't wish to get drenched.

As he stood under an awning he tried a man trying to raise an umbrella. It was evident the chap didn't understand the fastening and he acted as if the rain-shedder was not his own property. So Mr. Halstead stepped up to the fellow and said peremptorily:
"That's my umbrella, sir."
The man promptly handed it over and darted down Broad street while Halstead, no longer fearing the rain, went on his way rejoicing.

At most football games held in or around Gotham a strongly built, clean-shaven, youthful-looking man may be seen taking in every intricate play and wading as interested as any undergraduate. The casual observer would probably take him for an ex-player. Few who witness his excitement over every touchdown recognize him as W. E. Corey, now President of the Steel Trust. Corey is an ardent devotee of football that he is said to have once guaranteed the expenses of a visiting team at Homestead sooner than to miss seeing the game.



The Theatre Hat and the Man Behind It.

"I SEE that a young man in a theatre punched an usher's nose because the usher asked the young man's mother to take off her hat," observed the Cigar Store Man.

"The young chap who handed out the punch to the usher probably had a grouch," said the Man Higher Up. "He was probably good and plenty sore at himself and the world in general, and to soak the usher did him good. A New York theatre, as a general rule, is not a place of delicious delight, no matter how good the show is."

"Of course the man who objected to the lady's hat and called to the usher to ask her to slough it had a license to kick. As I understand it, he might as well have been riding on the rear step of an ice wagon for all he could see of the stage. The woman who keeps her hat on in a theatre is due to assimilate all that is coming to her."

"You can't blame the women at that. They are born with a placid disregard for the rights of others and few of them ever get rid of it. I have seen women sit down in theatres wearing diapers that a greyhound couldn't jump across and absolutely refuse to take them off. Cutting remarks had no more effect than the pneumonia-laden draughts that swept from the entrance doors to the stage. When a woman realizes that her theatre hat is a source of discomfort to people behind her and she don't feel like taking it off, it is a joy to her to stand pat."

"There wouldn't be any trouble if all the managers provided places for the storage of the millinery of the women during the play. When a woman goes out and blows twenty-five or fifty pieces of the long green tape a headpiece she thinks more of that headpiece than she does of her right eye. She would rather lose her dog or let the janitor slap her children than have the basket spoiled."

"In most theatres all she can do with it, if she takes it off, is pin it to the back of the seat in front of her or hold it in her lap and have it smashed by some guy whose thirst gets so fierce that he can't ignore it between the acts. Where a place is provided for women to check their hats it is generally in charge of a disdainful dingo who takes a cherished creation of flowers and lace and chucks it into a space on a shelf like a man putting in coal. And if the dingo is not tipped she will find a way to let something fall on the lid and put it out of business while it is in her charge."

"If there were wide spaces between the rows of seats in theatres the women could hold their hats in their laps, but as it is now their knees are jammed up against the seat in front, and they have to stand up to let any one inside them pass out and any one outside pass in. Come to think of it, the woman who would like to take off her hat to oblige has got a lot of excuse for keeping it on."

"A woman has plenty to make her sore in a playhouse. If somebody don't step on the train of her gown in the lobby or the aisle it is a pinch that some hog sitting next to her will cross his knees and wipe the table, and the man with her gets sore himself and is willing to go to the floor with anybody. It's a wonder to me that there aren't theatre seats-selves every night."

"Why don't the women wear small bonnets to the theatre or else go bareheaded and dress their hair low?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Because," answered the Man Higher Up, "it would be sensible."

Pointed Paragraphs.

A sceptic is a man who doubts his own fish stories.

Oh, liberty, what a lot of divorces are applied for in this name!

No, Cordelia, watered milk doesn't necessarily come from a river scow.

A man who is continually shooting off his mouth cannot hope successfully to pose as a big gun.

A man must be in business with another man or married to a woman in order to know that he doesn't know them.

Often the explanation has nothing to do with the case.

When two women get wound up the third is apt to be run down.

Cats, like politicians, give voice to their most decided utterances while on the fence in the dark, says the Chicago News.

A suburban servant is known by the family she contends to live with her.

No, Cordelia, the seashore breeze is not caused by the hotel victims blowing in their money.

It's a good thing for some people that the necessities of life do not include brains.

A man spends one-third of life in bed, but it's the other two-thirds that usually causes all the trouble.

Dialect of the Far North.

The people of New England, as well as those of Dixie, have a distinction in their language, and so do the residents of the far North. Many words are in use here that are not known elsewhere. When a person arrives he is not known as a newcomer, but is mentioned as a "chee-chowker." A pioneer is not known by that name, but is called a "mush-dough." Anyone who has braved the hardships of one winter in the gloomy Arctic can then take to himself the honor of being a "sour-dough." The word for move on is "mush," an odd form of command originated with the dog drivers. The word "mush" is to the Alaskan sledge dog what "amen" is to the trained canine that says its prayers in the circus—a signal which he understands and acts upon, and one which he will not accept a substitute for.

Unique Housecleaning.

Nowadays, when a Londoner decides to clean house, she drops a postal to the company owning a vacuum pump. It looks very much like a hose cart, bearing huge coils of rubber tubing, tipped with a spoon-shaped nozzle. This tubing is brought into the house by the operator, who wears a suit of spotless linen. The powerful vacuum pump, worked by the eight-horse engine on the motor car, is set in motion; the nozzle is passed slowly over every inch of carpet and upholstery, from which every particle of dust is withdrawn, being sucked down into a tank of water, which speedily attains the consistency of mud.

Sardine Crop.

The French sardine crop for the year is a failure. One of the causes assigned is at variance with the experience of the ordinary fisherman; it is that the fish are too large. The sardine comes principally from the Atlantic coast of France—not from Sardinia.